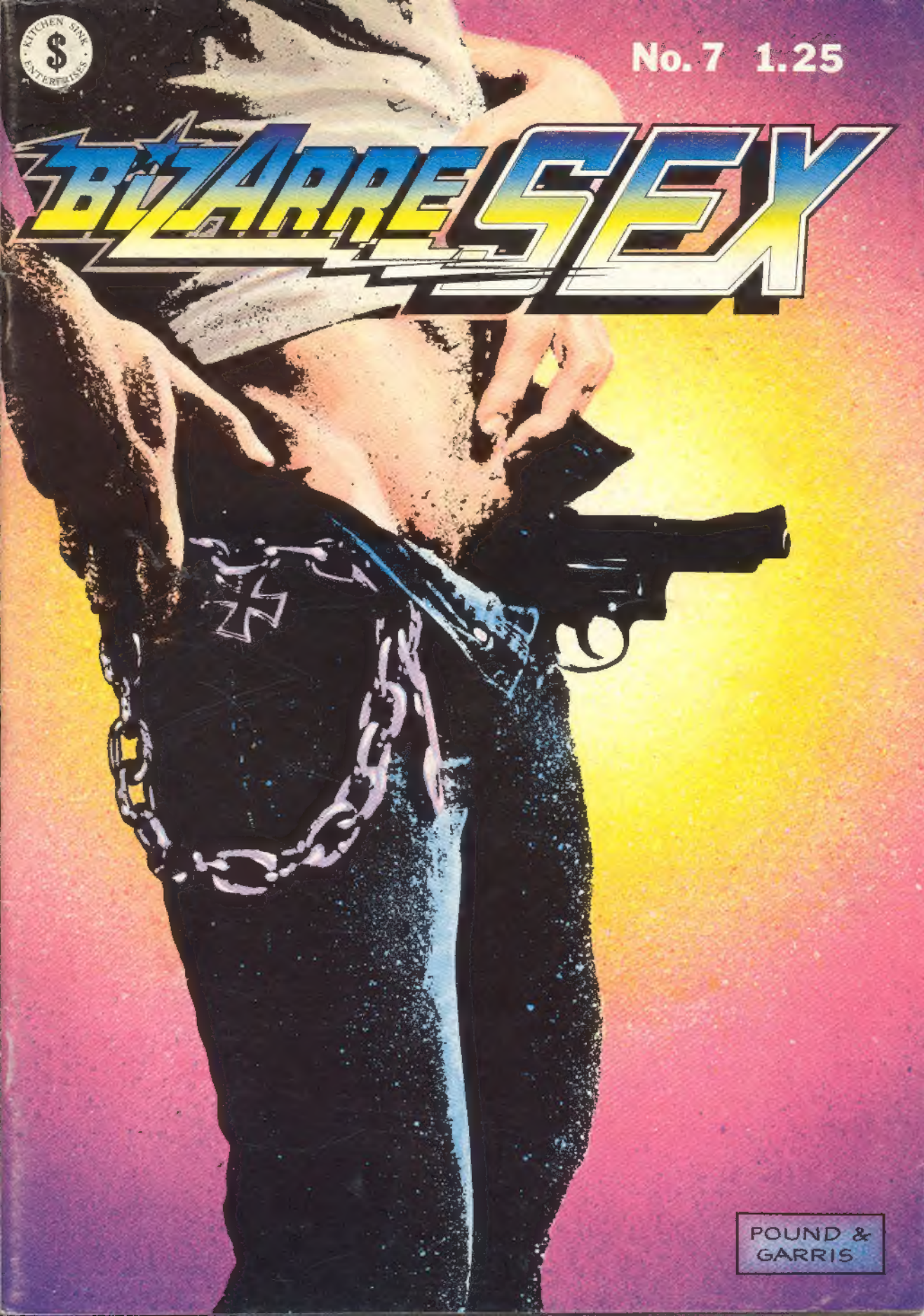




No. 7 1.25

BIZARRE SEX



POUND &
GARRIS

PLATFORM SHOES



OUTER SPACE

TOTIE AND MUSSIE ARE ENJOYING A PICNIC BY THE HUDSON.



THEY FAIL TO NOTICE THE FLYING SAUCER HOVERING ABOVE...



UNTIL A BEAM OF LIGHT EMERGES FROM IT, ENCAPSULING THE WOMEN AND RENDERING THEM HELPLESS.



AND REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE INTERIOR OF A SPACESHIP



MUSSIIE IS STRAPPED TO A STRANGE APPARATUS.



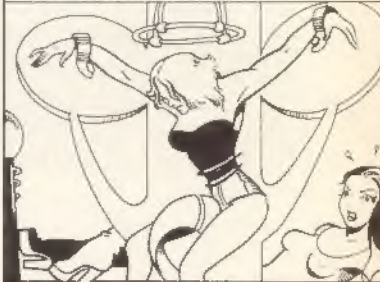
A MAN ENTERS; HIS FEATURES ARE AT ONCE HANDSOME AND GRUEL.



"I AM COUNT ORSINI, NOBLEMAN, SCIENTIST AND DILETTANT GROWING BORED IN MY SPACE-LAB. I BROUGHT YOU HERE FOR MY AMUSEMENT."



"I WILL PROCEED WITH THE BLONDE," MUSSIIE SCREAMS ONCE, WHEN THE COUNT HAS FINISHED, SHE HANGS LIMPLY FROM HER BONDS.



HE TURNS TO TOTIE, "IN A FEW MOMENTS, MY DEAR, YOU SHALL EXPERIENCE CERTAIN EXQUISITE SENSATIONS RARELY KNOWN ON EARTH."



FOR THE FIRST TIME TOTIE OBSERVES THAT SHE IS STRAPPED INTO A COMPLEX MACHINE RESEMBLING A GIANT SLINGBACK PUMP.



THE COUNT PULLS A SWITCH. A MOTOR HUMS TO LIFE. "YOU BRUTE," SHE MURMURS.



NEXT: DISCIPLINE ON ARCTAURIUS.

ARCANE LOVE

EQUALLY EXPLOITING BOTH SEXES' LAUGH-ABLE SEXUAL STUPIDITIES!

FLAMIN' COMETS! THIS WHALE FUCKING IS ALRIGHT!

PANT! GASP!

KROOSH!!



NOTE: MALE LOVE-CHOD (PENIS) IS INSERTED IN WHALE'S BLOW-HOLE. (WHALE USUALLY HOLDS BREATH...TO SUFFOCATE WHALE IS MARK OF VIRILITY.)

Steve Clites
HE'S WEIRD! 1979

DEDICATED TO MY DEAD CAT, "SPARKY"

YES, IN "THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE" SEX CHANGE AND EVEN SPECIES CHANGE ARE COMMON AND AS EASILY AVAILABLE AS A FLICK OF A DIAL!

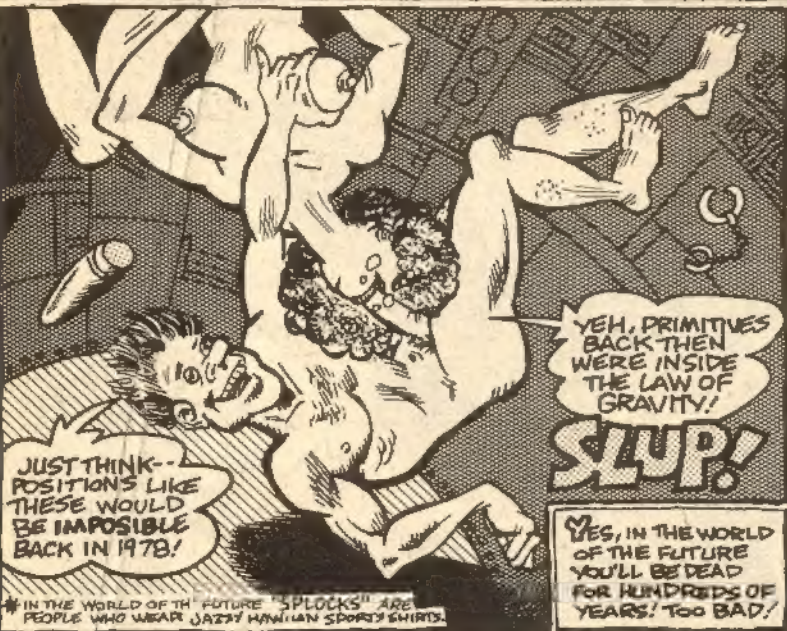
AREN'T YOU SORRY THIS IS 1979?

OH WOW, OSKAR, THAT WILD MUSKY TIGER AROMA IS SO FINE!!!

MY NAME AINT OSKAR-- I'M DARLENE!

I WANNA BE A CHEETAH NEXT TIME!

IN THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE YOU CAN ALSO MAKE OUT WITH EARLY HERBIVOROUS MAMMALS--OILED ON VELVET! AS FOR OTHER THRILLS, LET'S GO WHERE ALL THE "SPLOKS" GO! *YES, A FREE FALL CLIMAX CHAMBER TO PLUG IN ALL NIGHT--WITH SAUNA!



* IN THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE "SPLOKS" ARE PEOPLE WHO WEAR JAZZY HAWAIIAN SPORTS SHIRTS.

IT'S **WEIRD** IN THE BIG FUTURE, WHERE NOTHING IS **REAL!** STRANGE MENTAL THRILLS WITH **BODYLESS ALIEN LIFE FORMS** WILL BE FREE, AVAILABLE! ...LIKE...



AS FOR SOCIAL MISFITS & OUTCASTS WHO DON'T KNOW THAT "REAL ECSTASY HELPS THE COMMUNITY", THEIR FEET ARE SUNK IN LARGE CONCRETE BLOCKS, AND THEY ARE FORCED TO INDULGE IN "WATER SPORTS" IN PUBLIC ICE SKATING RINKS.



YES, CHILDREN, IN THE PAST THE ANCIENT PEOPLE JUST MADE DO WITH SIMPLE, OLD WAYS--RAW OYSTERS AND WET DISH RAGS!

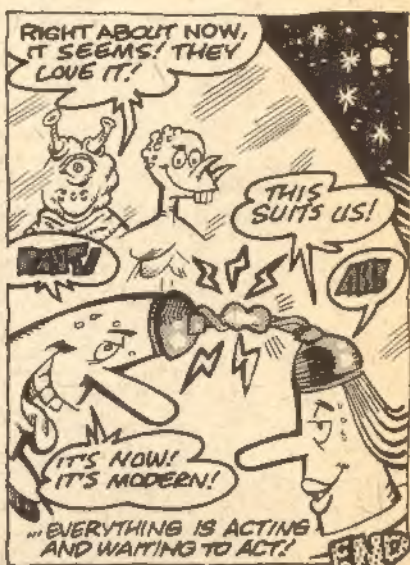
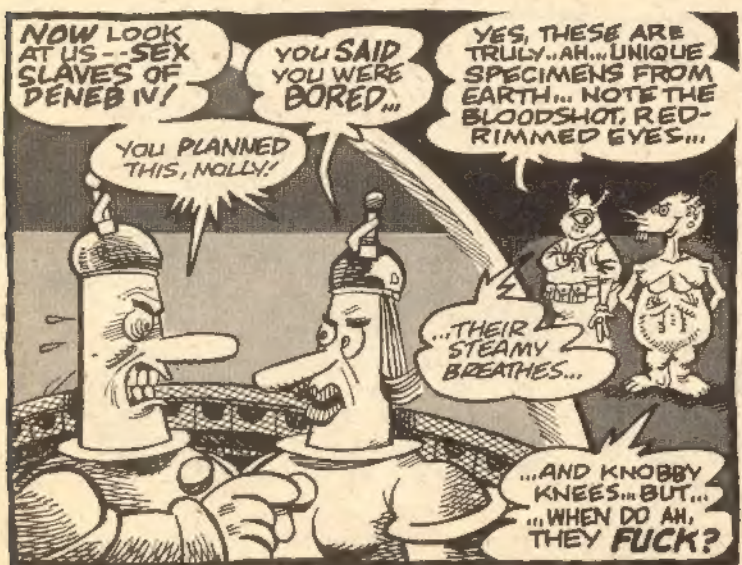
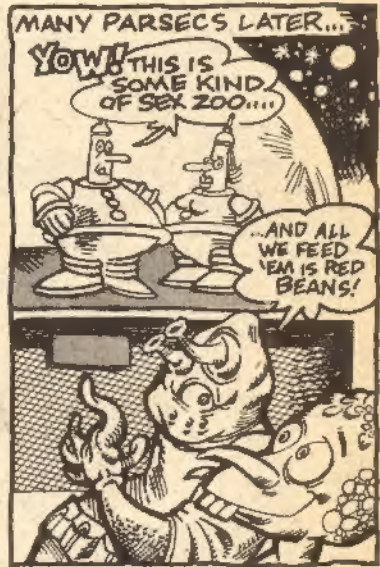


WITH THE WIDESPREAD USE OF ANDROID BODY TRANSPLANTS, IMPOSSIBLE LEVELS OF SENSORY RAPTURES & BODY PERFORMANCE CAN NOW BE ACHIEVED!



★ **SEX PIRATES** ★
OF DENEIV!





AS YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED THIS WAS **NOT** ON THE TOP TEN OF SECRET DESIRES. I WAS HAVING ABSOLUTELY **NO** LUCK GETTING THE LADIES TO PUCKER UP TO MY PICKLE! THEY WANTED NO PART OF IT!! FINALLY, RESIGNED TO MY FATE, I PACKED UP AND WALKED OUT OF TOWN!!

UGHH... I COULDN'T DO THAT!! I DON'T EVEN DO IT FOR MY HUSBAND.

COULDN'T I JUST HELP BY CATCHING BUGS FOR YA'?

HEY GLADYS, I'M HOME, AN' I BROUGHT SUPPER.. FROG LEGS!

TAXI!!

hmm... MAYBE I SHOULD JUS' TRY THE 'Y' DOWN THE ROAD!

WELCOME TO SWAMP PUTRIP

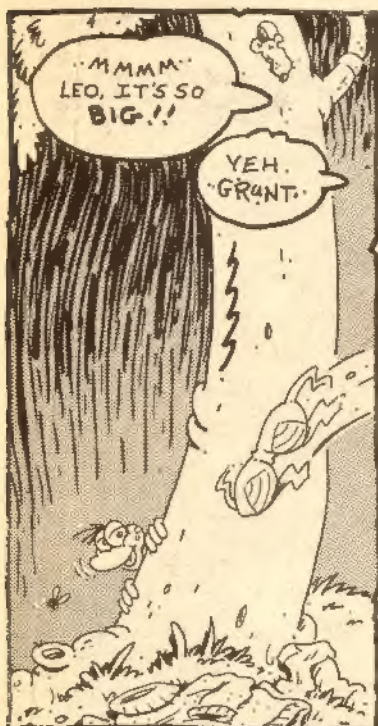
HEY BIG FELLA, LEAVIN' SO SOON? WE'RE JUST GONNA START THE CELEBRATION!

WHAT'S THE OCCASION?

OPENING DAY OF THE MATING SEASON!

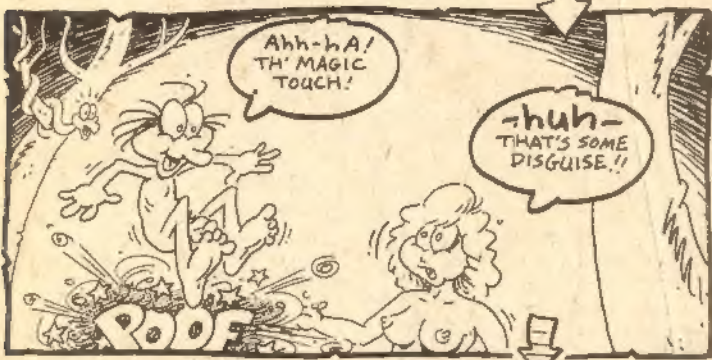
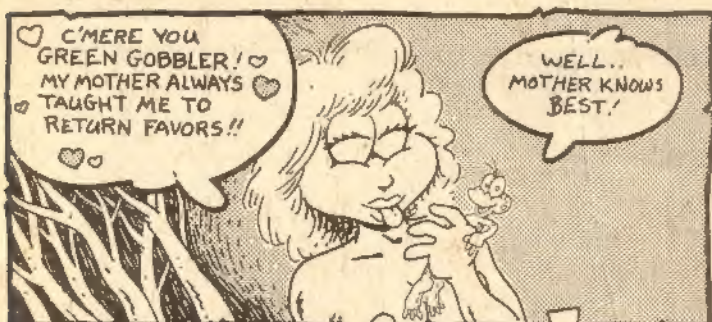
LIFE IN THE SWAMP WAS DEFINITELY NOT AS BAD AS I HAD EXPECTED. LUCKILY FOR ME THAT DING-DONG WIZARD HADN'T TAKEN MORE FROM ME THAN JUST MY HUMAN FORM!! IT WASN'T ALL FUN AN' GAMES THOUGH. IT'S PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO GET A GOOD WINE THERE... AND THE FOOD, FORGET IT!!! WATERBUGS AND FLIES!! I USUALLY SENT OUT FOR A PIZZA OR SOMETHING!

IT WAS A GOOD MANY YEARS LATER THAT I ACTUALLY SAW SOME PEOPLE AGAIN. THEY HADN'T CHANGED MUCH. THE GIRL WAS A FINE YOUNG BEAUTY WITH A CERTAIN ITCH THAT NEEDED TO BE SCRATCHED! HER COMPANION WAS BUILT LIKE A BULL..WITH THE BRAINS TO MATCH!! BEFORE SHE EVEN GOT STARTED HE HAD PUMPED AND DUMPED, AND TOOK OFF SNORTING HIS VICTORY!



IT TOOK AWHILE TO CONVINCE HER BUT SHE FINALLY AGREED TO LETTING ME TRY. AT THIS POINT SHE WAS DESPARATE. HER OTHER LOVERS HAD ALWAYS LEFT HER UNSATISFIED!! GRANTED, MY CAPACITIES WERE SOMEWHAT LIMITED, BUT I HAD ALWAYS LOVED A CHALLENGE... AND I WASN'T ABOUT TO BACK AWAY FROM THIS ONE!!

I STARTED OUT SLOW AN' EASY MASSAGING HER BREASTS WHILE GIVING HER NIPPLES AN' EXTRA FIRM SQUEEZE. AFTER SOME TIME I SLID DOWN TO HER BELLY AND SENT MY LONG TONGUE OUT EXPLORING HER WOMANLY REGIONS. IT TOOK A LOT OF PUSHING AND PROBING BEFORE I BEGAN TO GET SOME RESULTS! AS SHE BEGAN TO QUIVER I SLIPPED BETWEEN HER LEGS FOR A BETTER HOLD. JUST THEN SHE ARCHED BACK CAUSING MY FEET TO SLIDE UP HER ROUNDED ARSE !!! THIS UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT BROUGHT ON A LONG SERIES OF EXCITED SPASMS AND SHE FINALLY COLLAPSED ON THE GROUND BREATHLESS ... BUT HAPPY!!



WELL I HAD FINALLY BECOME HUMAN AGAIN THANKS TO THIS LOVELY MAIDEN, AND ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT AND THE NEXT DAY SHE KEPT ME AWARE OF JUST HOW GREAT IT WAS! SINCE THEN I'VE HAD MANY MORE REMINDERS TOO ... BUT I'LL ALWAYS HAVE A SPECIAL ENDEARMENT FOR THE SWAMP! AFTERALL..



the DEAN DEAN'S *Delite*

BY *Dan*
STEFFAN

HUBBA-
HUBBA!
THIS IS
FOR ME!

ETHEL

MADAME ROCOCO'S
MASSAGE
PARLOR

©1978 DAN STEFFAN

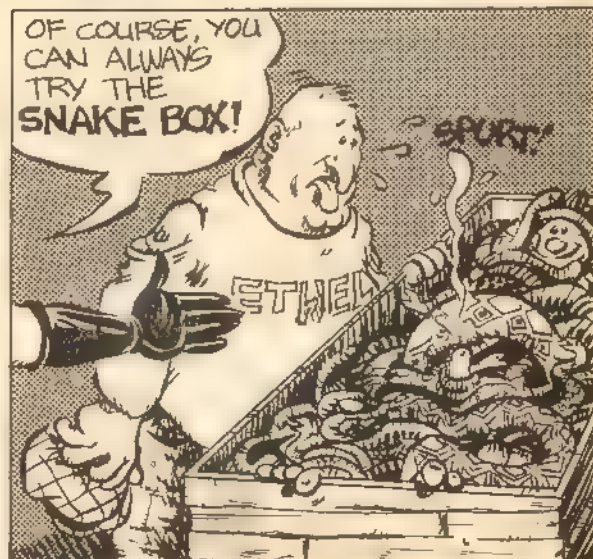
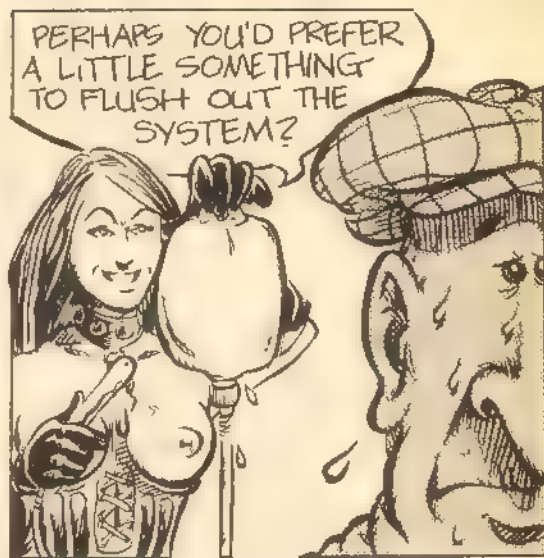
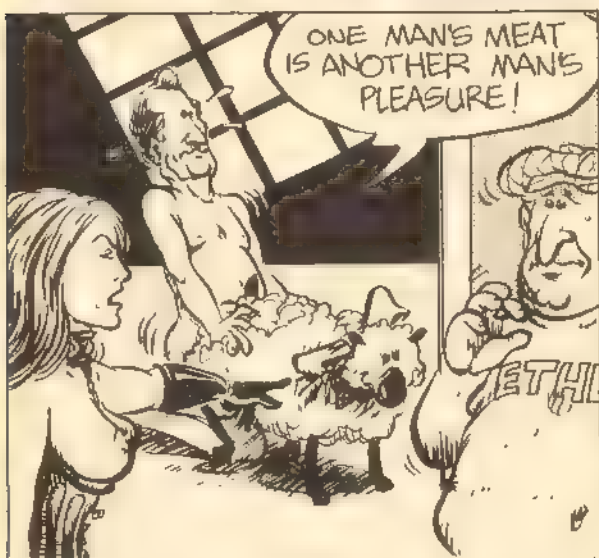
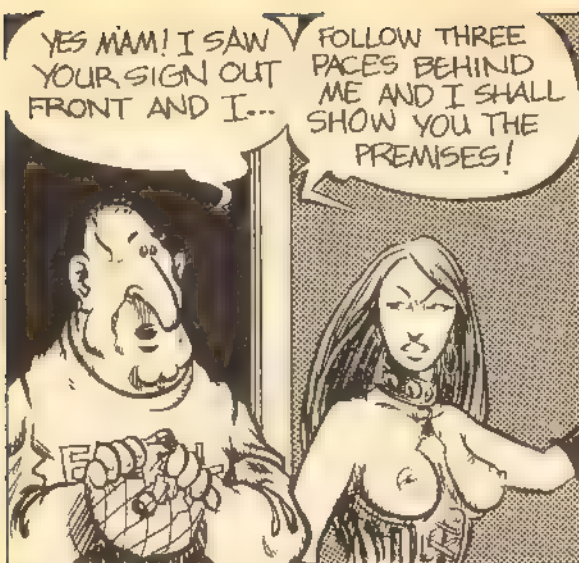
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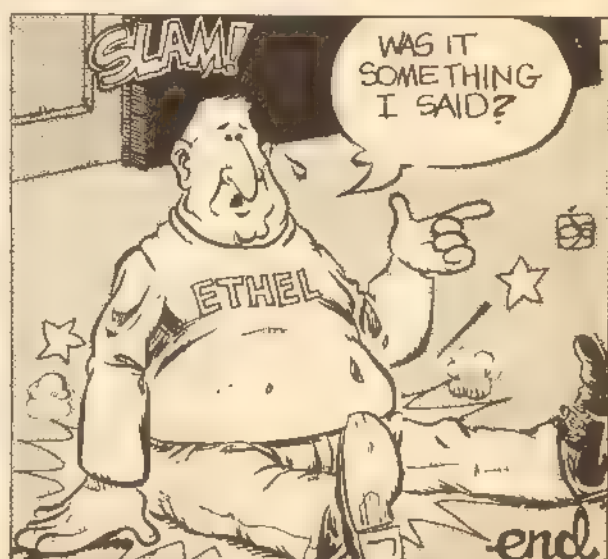
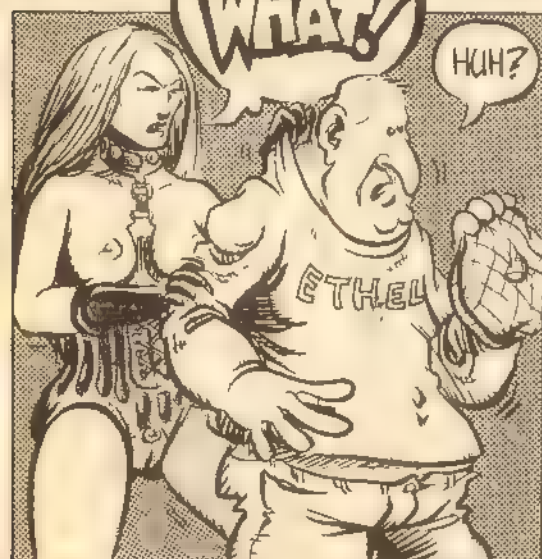
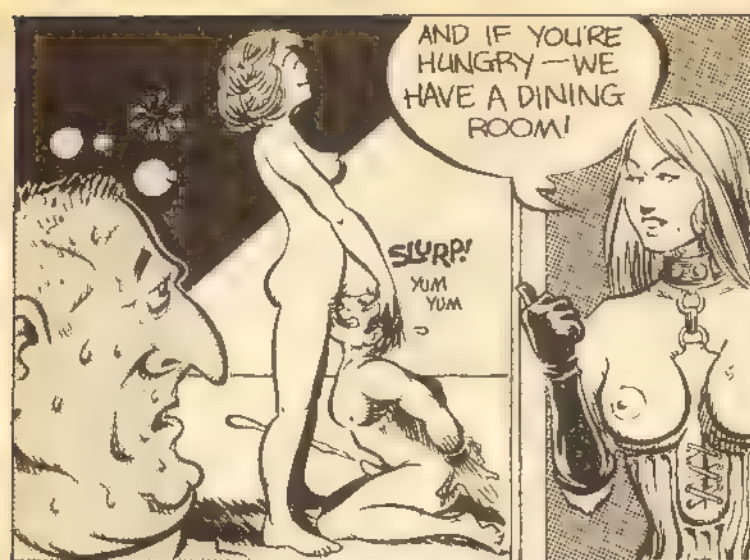
ETHE

HUMPH!
NOBODY'S
HOME -- I
GUESS I'LL
LEA--

WAT!

BE AM MADAME
ROCOCO!





WHY DID THE POLICE CALL KONSTANTIN, INSTEAD OF ME?

EVAN SAID THE PRIST'S NAME JUST BEFORE. ANYWAY, HE'D BEEN **STRIPPED**. THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS.

FATHER KONSTANTIN SAID TO WAIT FOR HIM **OUTSIDE**. HE WAS VERY **EMPHATIC** ABOUT IT.

CONCERN FOR THE **GRIEVING WIDOW**? LET'S GET IT OVER WITH. EVAN AND I HAVEN'T BEEN CLOSE FOR A GOOD WHILE.

HE'D CERTAINLY **CHANGED** IN THESE LAST MONTHS. HE SHOULD'VE STUCK TO COLLECTING RACE CARS AND POLITICIANS.

THAT **BLACK MAGIC** NONSENSE DID IT. MAALECH HAD HIM ACTING LIKE A **CAGED ANIMAL**.

EVAN TOLD ME ABOUT MAALECH. HE **KILLS** LIKE HE **BREATHES** EFFORTLESSLY, WITHOUT EVEN **THINKING** ABOUT IT.

PERHAPS. BUT WATCH THE **ACCUSATIONS**, CIRA. A WEALTHY WIDOW'S A PRIME TARGET FOR A **DEFAMATION SUIT**.

WE... I PAY YOU TO WORRY ABOUT THAT. WHO ELSE COULD IT BE? EVAN WAS NEVER **SERIOUS** ENOUGH ABOUT ANYTHING TO MAKE **ENEMIES**.

THIS WAY, PLEASE.

THEY FOUND HIM IN THE PARKING LOT BEHIND THE POLICE STATION. DEATH WAS DUE TO MASSIVE **BLOOD LOSS** FROM THIS **INCISION** AT THE BASE OF THE JAW.

LET'S SEE NUMBER 7799-54 ADULT WHITE MALE. HERE WE GO.

OH.

DO WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS? IT'S EVAN WINTERGREEN.

HE STARTED ON **DOGS** AND **CHICKENS** IN THOSE **CEREMONIES** OF HIS. NOW HE'S MOVED ON TO **PEOPLE**. EVAN.

IT'S ALL RIGHT. I WANT TO HEAR THE REST.

WELL, THIS CURIOUSLY-SHAPED WOUND IN THE FOREHEAD IS COMPARATIVELY SUPERFICIAL. IT WAS MADE BY SOME TOOL SIMILAR TO A **LEATHER AWL**.

IT LOOKS LIKE "X SUB ZERO" OR SOMETHING. BUT THAT MAKES **NO SENSE**. IT COULD BE JUST **RANDOM DISFIGUREMENT**. ANY IDEAS, COUNSELOR?

NONE.

IT'S SOME SORT OF **MAGICAL SYMBOL**. **BLACK MAGIC**.

PACT-WITH-THE-DEVIL-TYPE MAGIC?

YES. **SATANISM**.

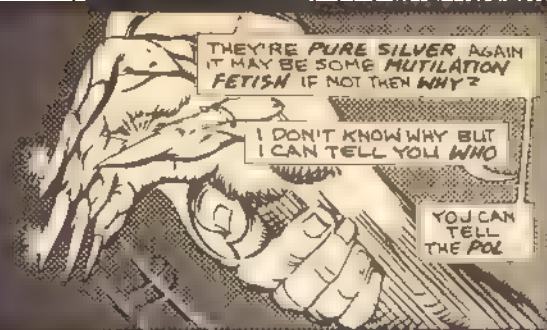
COULD WE FINISH UPSTAIRS? IT'S COLD DOWN HERE.

THE HAIR HAS BEEN **CHOPPED OFF** TO MAKE ROOM FOR IT.



OK BUT FIRST...SORRY, MRS WINTERGREEN...ONE MORE THING YOU SHOULD SEE...

GOD
NOW
WHAT?



THEY'RE PURE SILVER AGAIN
IT MAY BE SOME MUTILATION
FETISH IF NOT THEN WHY?

I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT
I CAN TELL YOU WHO

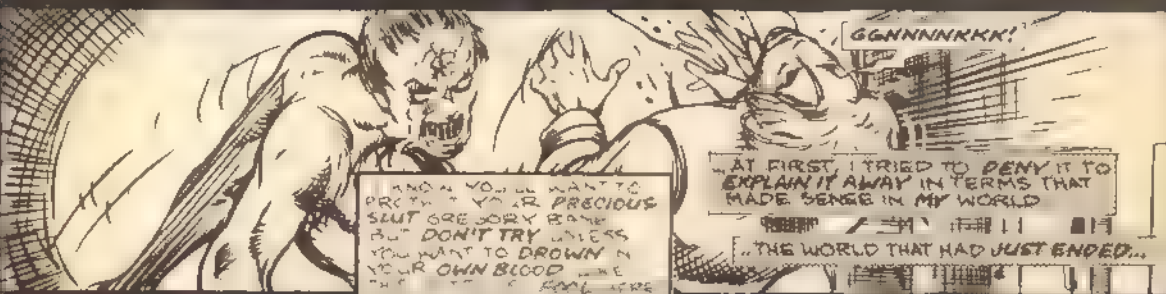
YOU CAN
TELL
THE POL



AAARRRGGH!

WHA?

IT CAME TO ME THAT NIGHT,
IN A CONTINUOUS SMEAR
OF GORE AND TORN FLESH
AND SCREAMS OF TERROR...

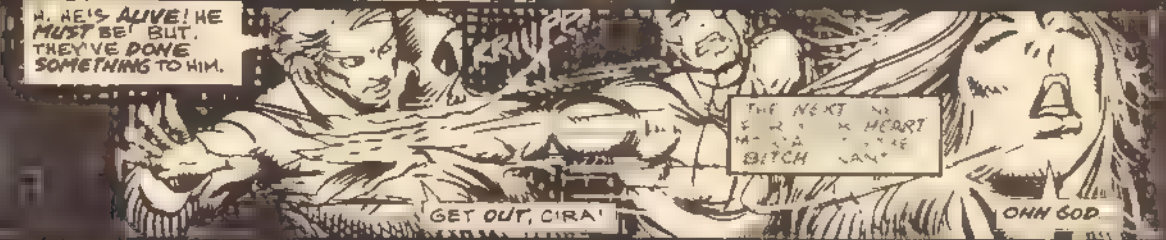


GGNNNNKKK!

AND YOU WANT TO
PROVE YOUR PRECIOUS
SLUT GREYORY BANE
BUT DON'T TRY UNLESS
YOU WANT TO DROWN IN
YOUR OWN BLOOD...
THE REAL GREY

AT FIRST, I TRIED TO DENY IT TO
EXPLAIN IT AWAY IN TERMS THAT
MADE SENSE IN MY WORLD

THE WORLD THAT HAD JUST ENDED...



W. HE'S ALIVE! HE
MUST BE! BUT...
THEY'VE DONE
SOMETHING TO HIM.

KRUFF!

THE NEXT
HEART
BITCH CAN

GET OUT, GIRL!

ONN GOD



LATIN LATIN?

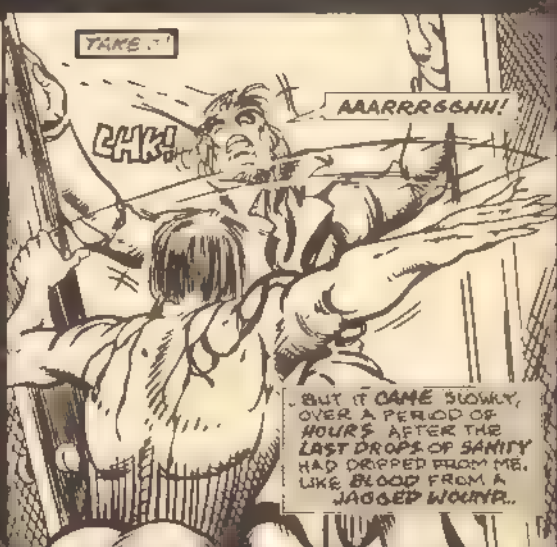
EVAN? EVAN, PLEASE

FORGET THAT! RUN, GODDAMN YOU!



RAVE DEATH TO
FEROCY
NEW WHAT AWAITS

BUT SINCE YOU
INSIST...



TAKE!

AAARRRGHH!

BUT IT CAME SLOWLY,
OVER A PERIOD OF
HOURS AFTER THE
LAST DROPS OF SANITY
HAD DRIPPED FROM ME.
LIKE BLOOD FROM A
JAGGED WOUND...

WHEN I'D BEEN DRAINED DRY OF REASON,
IT CAME TO ME IT SET IN, LIKE RIGOR MORTIS.

YOU'RE KILLING
HIM, EVAN! STOP
IT! STOP IT!!

UNNNNNH!!

WHAM!

BANE. BANE! HELP ME!!

CRUNCH!!

HE CANNOT HELP
YOU WOMAN! NO
POWER ON EARTH
CAN HE DO YOU

BELIEF IN GOD AND MORE.
BELIEF IN THE DEVIL

Children of the Goat

YOU ALL RIGHT?

THAT'S SOME CUT ACROSS
YOUR EYE...WHAT IN THE
NAME OF CHRIST HAPPENED?!

WHAT? LOOK, DON'T TRY TO
TALK. LEO'S DEAD. SOME
PSYCHO WITH A KNIFE
FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, HUH?

OK, OK TAKE IT EASY
TRY TO RELAX EVERYTHING
WILL BE FINE...

NNN...

S&S S&S

B B BE

HEY! DON'T TRY TO MOVE,
FELLA I DON'T KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED, BUT YOU
GO NOWHERE TILL THE COPS
GET HERE, UNDERSTAND?

BE KIND, Y...

WAY!

WHA...?

I TOLD YOU TO
WAIT FOR ME
OUTSIDE, MR. BANE!

ARE Y YOU CR. CRAZY? WHO

FATHER MIKLOS
KONSTANTIN. I
CALLED YOU ABOUT
WINTERGREEN
AND I WARNED
YOU NOT TO
COME IN HERE!

WHY DID YOU
HIT HIM?

I CAN GUESS WINTERGREEN'S
THROAT WAS CUT THERE WAS
A STRANGE SYMBOL CARVED
INTO HIS FLESH. THE FINGERNAILS
OF HIS RIGHT HAND HAD BEEN
REMOVED AND REPLACED WITH

YOU S...SAW! WHY DIDN'T
YOU HELP, FOR GOD'S SAKE?!

DO YOU WISH
TO EXPLAIN
TO THE
AUTHORITIES
WHAT JUST
HAPPENED
HERE?

HOW DO
YOU KNOW...?

I DIDN'T SEE
BUT I KNOW
MAALECH'S
STYLE. AND I
KNOW THE
RITUAL FOR
RESURRECTING
A CORPSE!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
EVAN MOVED, HE SPOKE!
HE WAS ALIVE!

DID IT SPEAK
IN ENGLISH?
OR LATIN?

WHY DO I GET ALL THE BIZARROS? HALF A
SECOND THERE ACE WHERE DO YOU GET OFF
POPPING AROUND TOWN NAKED AS A JAYBIRD?

YOU'VE GOT ALL
THE ANSWERS,
HAVEN'T YOU?

LATIN IS THE
LANGUAGE OF
SORCERY MR.
BANE DEMONS
SPEAK IT!

YOU HEAR ME, MY MANT I SAID
STOP! AND PUT THE BROAD ON!

SPARE ME THE THEIST
TRIMMINGS, IM NOT
ONE OF THE FLOCK
EVAN MUST'VE BEEN
HYPNOTIZED OR DRUGGED

WITH HIS THROAT CUT
FROM EAR TO EAR?

OWN

MAALECH IS A GODDAMN MANIC MAYBE HE MADE
EVAN UP WITH THE WOUNDS AND THE FINGERNAILS

HYPNOTIZED HIM, SLOWED HIS VITAL SIGNS, AND GAVE
HIM A POST HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION TO COME OUT OF
T IN CIRIA'S PRESENCE...

AND KILL THE ATTENDANT, AND KIDNAP HIS WIFE?
I COULD THROW A CAT THROUGH THE HOLES IN THAT THEORY

YOURS IS MORE PLAUSIBLE? MAALECH'S SOLD HIS
SOUL TO THE DEVIL? HE COMMANDS DEMONS
AND RAISES THE DEAD?

YOU KNOW FULL WELL THAT WINTERGREEN WAS
THE TYPE WHO INDULGES HIS WHIMS TO THE LIMIT.
WELL MAYBE HE DID ON A BIT OF BLACK
MAGIC WOULD HE SETTLE FOR THE ROSICRUCIANS?
THE CHURCH OF SATAN?

HE'D BUY THE REAL THING IF HE COULD BUT

MAALECH IS PSYCHOPATHIC MALVOLIENT
LETHAL, YES THAT'S HE AND RED IN THE
PROFESS OF BEING PERHAPS THE
BEST DEMONOLATOR SINCE CRAWLEY

WE'Z FORGET THE POLICE

THEY LL NOT BE ABLE TO FIND MAALECH, LET
ALONE DEAL WITH HIM, AND I MEANT MY
MANSEVANT, NOT YOU YOU ATHEISTS TEND
TO COME APART WHEN FACED WITH THE TRUTH

THE POLICE ARE HERE, WAIT WHERE RE
YOU GOING? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THE BLACK AR' HE RES TOTAL DEDICA-
TION, WHICH WINTERGREEN NEVER HAD
WHEN HE REALIZED EXACTLY WHO AND
WHAT HE'D BEEN DEALING WITH HE
WANTED OUT BUT HE'D LEARNED TOO MUCH

BY THEN, MAALECH WOULD'VE KILLED HIM
BEFORE LETTING HIM BACK INTO THE SECULAR
WORLD WITH WHAT HE KNEW IT'S OBVIOUS HE DID

NOT TO ME WHERE DO YOU COME INTO THIS MADNESS?

WELL WITHIN CHURCH LAW I'VE BEEN ALLOWED
TO PRACTICE CERTAIN LIMITED FORMS OF MAGIC
STRICTLY SPEAKING, IT'S ONLY FOR THE PURPOSE
OF SPIRITUAL ENLIGHTENMENT, BUT SOMETIMES...

ANYWAY, WINTERGREEN THOUGHT
I COULD HELP BUT IT WAS TOO
LATE HE'D FALLEN OF HIS OWN
FREE WILL, AND I WAS FORBIDDEN
TO INTERFERE

ASSUMING, JUST ASSUMING, THIS MUSHROOM
FANTASY OF YOURS IS TRUE, WHAT ABOUT CIRIA?

SHE'LL BE TAKEN TO MAALECH, WHO WILL
SACRIFICE HER IN A RITUAL, OR TORTURE
HER EITHER WAY, SHE LL DIE UNLESS WE
END MAALECH IN THE AND STOP HIM

YOU CAN COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF,
MR. BANE, OR STAY HERE BUT DON'T
WASTE MY TIME WITH YOUR STUPID QUESTIONS

THE APARTMENT, ELOHM M. QUICKLY

MY NEW ADOLYTE HAS FOUND A FIRST EDITION OF THE BOOK OF LAST ACTS IN VIENNA. A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS, BUT IT WILL BE MORE THAN...

WHAT IS IT, ABSYNTH?

TCHORT HAS RETURNED, MAALECH

HE HAS THE GIRL?

AYE AND WINTERGREEN'S HANDS ARE RED WITH BLOOD.

NOT THE GIRL'S, I HOPE, FOR TCHORT'S SAKE. I COMMANDED THAT SHE BE KEPT WHOLE AND UNMARKED.

HE SPOKE IN RASH, AS YOU COMMANDED THE PRICE A REE. UPON THIS HUMAN SHELL, I SHALL TAKE IT NOW, AND DEPART.

FEW AMONG THE FALLEN WILL DEFY YOU, MAALECH. YOUR ACTS OF RETRIBUTION ARE LEGEND, ADMIRABLE AND FEARED EVEN IN THE DARKEST CREVICES OF THE PIT.

EVAN OH, GOD. EVAN.

STAND FAST YOUR MEMORY FAILS YOU, TCHORT. YOUR COMMISSION IS BUT HALF FULFILLED.

IT MORE, THEN?

EAGER TO RETURN TO THE PIT, TCHORT? YOU WILL ENJOY THE TASK, I PROMISE YOU.

WHAT'VE YOU DONE TO HIM, MAALECH?

YOU KNOW FULL WELL SORCERER. I ENJOY NOTHING BUT IT WILL BE MOST SATISFYING TO HAVE YOU IN HELL.

WHEN YOU INHERIT SEVEN MILLION YOU CAN AFFORD TO PLAY GAMES, EH, MRS WINTERGREEN?

YOU'RE HURTING M

YOU HEAR ME YOU PSYCHOPATHIC SON OF A BITCH? WHAT'VE YOU D. UNNN!

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS MY SWEET? I'VE KILLED HIM! SLIT HIS STUPID THROAT FROM EAR TO EAR! YOU SHOULD'VE HEARD HIM SCREAM!

N..NO.

DEAR EVAN WANTED TO IMPRESS HIS FRIENDS WITH HIS DECADENCE HE WANTED TO PLAY MAGICIAN

DON'T P PLEASE DON'T

PRAY TO THE GOD FOR STRENGTH. MRS WINTERGREEN I WANT YOU SANE INTO THE LAST SCREAM, THE FINAL SHUDDER.

I THINK THIS NEEDS STITCHES...

SURE. I SHOULD BE WORRIED ABOUT MY SANITY, I MUST BE CRAZY TO GO ALONG WITH THIS...

NO TIME, MR. BANE. TAPE IT SHUT.

YOU DON'T ACTUALLY SEE ANYTHING IN THAT CRYSTAL

GREAT I'LL BLEED TO DEATH

QUIET, PLEASE. HAVE TO CONCENTRATE

I KNOW WHERE MAALECH LIVES.. WHY DON'T WE JUST...

BECAUSE HE'S NOT STUPID. HE WON'T BE THERE

RIGHT NOW THAT'S THE LEAST OF YOUR WORRIES.

HMM...I'M NOT SURPRISED ALL RIGHT, MR BANE. A FEW THINGS BEFORE WE LEAVE...

HOLD IT. WHERE?

WILLOWOOD

THE CEMETARY? INSANITY! I WON'T

I AM MRS. WINTERGREEN'S ONLY CHANCE. YOU'D BEST UNDERSTAND THAT, AND ACT ACCORDINGLY

IF YOU'RE COMING, YOU WILL FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER. OTHERWISE, GET OUT I AM IN CHARGE

ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

MR BANE, IN COURT, IN FRONT OF A JUDGE, YOU ARE NO DOUBT MORE THAN ADEQUATE BUT YOU'RE IN MY WORLD NOW, AND YOU KNOW NOTHING! NOTHING!

YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT, KONSTANTIN. BECAUSE IF ANYTHING YOU DO ENDANGER'S CIRA...

EACH MINUTE YOU WASTE ARGUING WITH ME BRINGS HER CLOSER TO DEATH

TAKE THIS, BUT DON'T UNWRAP IT

WHAT IS IT?

THIS IS FOR MAALECH HIMSELF AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY, YOU'RE TO KILL HIM.

WHAT? NOW JUST A GODDAMN.

A DAGGER, SIMILAR TO THIS ONE, BUT PREPARED WITH THE PROPER RITUAL, CENSING, AND SUCH WHICH IS WHY IT IS WRAPPED

IF MAALECH SETS ONE OF HIS DEMONS AGAINST YOU, YOU MUST IMBED THIS IN IT'S BODY WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT, NOTHING ELSE WILL STOP IT.

DON'T HESITATE. DON'T ASK QUESTIONS. DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CAN BRING HIM TO JUSTICE JUST KILL HIM.

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, MAALECH? WHAT'VE WE DONE TO YOU?

OR TO ENLIGHTEN HER TO SHOW HER WHY AN INNOCENT MUST DIE A PAINFUL, TERRIFYING DEATH TO LET HER SEE WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

TELL HER, MAALECH. LET THE ROPES BEAT INTO HER SKIN AWHILE SHE ISN'T EVEN SWEATING YET

WHICH WOULD BE MORE AMUSING, ABSYNTHET TO TORTURE MRS WINTERGREEN, AND KILL HER, AND LET HER GO TO HER GRAVE WONDERING "WHY, WHY?"

ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR ABSYNTHET HAS CONVINCED ME

YOUR HUSBAND SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY TO FIND ME, AND STILL MORE TO ENGAGE MY SERVICES. HE THOUGHT A STUDY OF THINGS PROFANE WOULD MAKE HIM A CONVERSATION PIECE AMONG YOUR JADED FRIENDS

I'M QUITE SERIOUS. I WANT POWER, KNOWLEDGE, TEACH ME THE ART, AND I'LL PUT MY FORTUNE AT YOUR DISPOSAL

WELL, ONE CAN NEVER HAVE TOO MUCH WEALTH, EH MRS WINTERGREEN? I TOOK HIM ON AS AN ACOLYTE

IT'S NO USE. I'LL NEVER GET THIS RIGHT

THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW, MY FRIEND. THESE SECRETS MUST NEVER REACH THE OUTSIDE. YOU GO ON OR YOU DIE

QUITE HORRIBLY

FEAR OF DEATH INSPIRED AN AMAZING SCHOLARSHIP IN YOUR HUSBAND. HE LEARNED IT ALL, AND RAPIDLY. THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST, HE WAS READY. I THOUGHT FOR HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE ASSISTING AT A CONJURATION

WHATEVER YOU SEE OR HEAR, STAND FAST AS YOU'VE BEEN TAUGHT, OR ALL IS LOST.

I KNOW, I KNOW! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH

I UNDERSTAND PSYCHOLOGY. I SHOULD'VE SEEN IT. WINTERGREEN HAD A DEATH WISH OR HE SIMPLY DIDN'T BELIEVE IT WOULD HAPPEN FOR WHEN I SUMMONED THE DEMON

BUT WAS TOO SLOW IN THAT MOMENT OF INATTENTIVENESS. THE DEMON STRUCK, AND VANISHED IN THE ART. MRS WINTERGREEN, ONE ALWAYS PAYS FOR STUPIDITY.

OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD

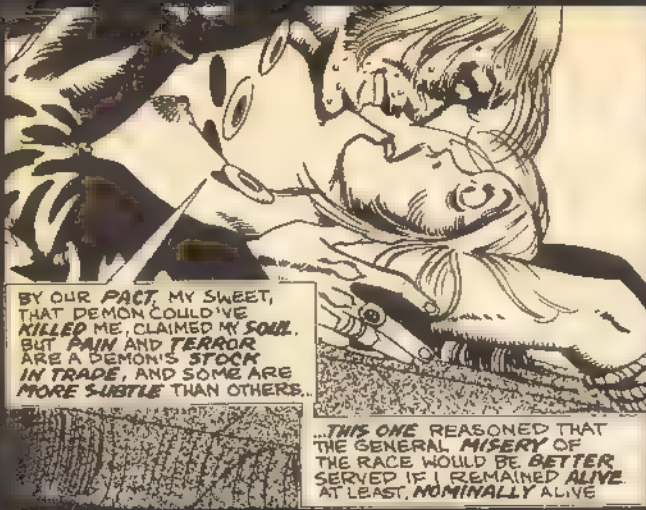
HE MOVED HE SPOKE

HE DESTROYED THE CONJURATION, PUT ME IN DANGER OF MY LIFE. I RAISED MY SWORD TO MAKE A SACRIFICE, AND SAVE MYSELF.

I'M SORRY MAALECH PLEASE

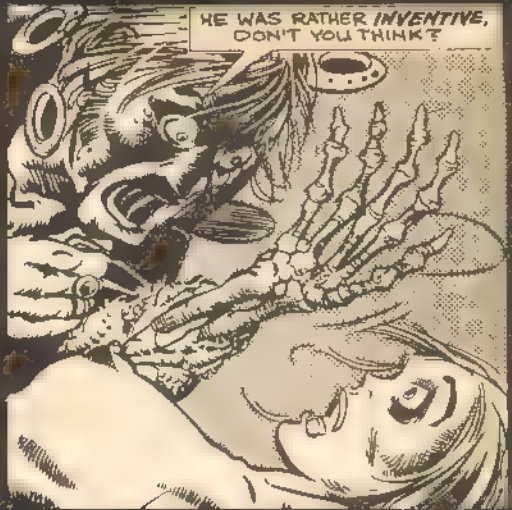
AAARRRGOGHHH

THE SEARING, ALL-ENCOMPASSING PAIN ALMOST UNSEATED MY MIND THEN AND THERE



BY OUR FACT, MY SWEET, THAT DEMON COULD'VE KILLED ME, CLAIMED MY SOUL. BUT PAIN AND TERROR ARE A DEMON'S STOCK IN TRADE, AND SOME ARE MORE SUBTLE THAN OTHERS.

...THIS ONE REASONED THAT THE GENERAL MISERY OF THE RACE WOULD BE BETTER SERVED IF REMAINED ALIVE AT LEAST, NOMINALLY ALIVE

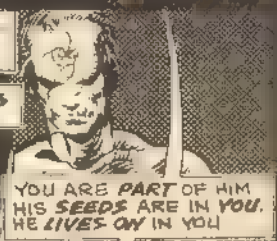


HE WAS RATHER INVENTIVE, DON'T YOU THINK?



BUT I'VE DONE NOTHING! I NEVER EVEN KNEW WHAT YOU WERE

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME F/?



YOU ARE PART OF HIM HIS SEEDS ARE IN YOU. HE LIVES ON IN YOU

I SHALL SLEEP MORE SOUNDLY WHEN THE LAST SHRED OF EVAN WINTERGREEN IS GROUND INTO THE DUST.

THIS IS WHAT YOUR SHIVELING SLUG OF A HUSBAND COST ME, MRS. WINTERGREEN SO I KILLED HIM AND MUTILATED HIM. AND CAUSED ONE OF THE FALLEN TO REANIMATE HIS BODY WHEN YOU CAME TO VIEW IT.

TCHORT!

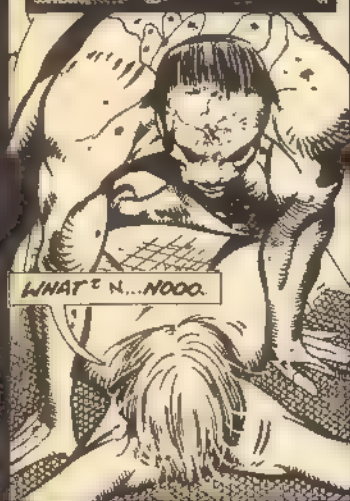
SO YOU SEE INNOCENT OR NOT, YOU MUST SUFFER



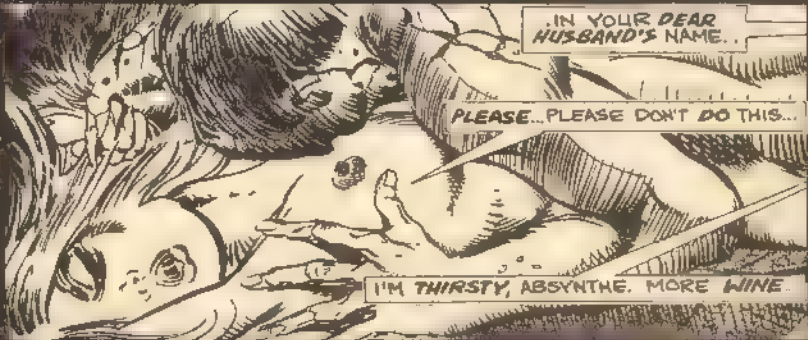
SUFFER AND DIE



NO! GET IT AWAY GET IT AWAY!



WHAT? N...NOOO.



IN YOUR DEAR HUSBAND'S NAME..

PLEASE...PLEASE DON'T DO THIS...

I'M THIRSTY, ABSYNTHE. MORE WINE

WE'RE A GOOD **TWENTY MILES** FROM THE MORGUE. WINTERGREEN **COULDN'T** HAVE WALKED THIS FAR SO QUICKLY...

STOP THINKING IN TERMS OF **HUMAN** LIMITATIONS, MR. BANE. DEMONS CAN MOVE FROM PLACE TO PLACE **WITHOUT** TRAVERSING THE INTERVENING DISTANCE.

LOCKED. NOW WHAT?
CAN WE CRASH IT?

NOT IN **THIS** CAR. THE BISHOP WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME

ELOHIM. THE GATE, PLEASE

DON'T TELL ME YOUR CHAUFFEUR BROUGHT A **BLOW TORCH**...

JESUS! HOW?

ARE YOU RE-EXAMINING YOUR **SECULARIST** METAPHYSICS, MR. BANET? I HOPE SO. I DON'T WANT YOU **CAVING IN** AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT...

I'LL TRY TO **POSTPONE** INSANITY UNTIL THIS IS OVER. HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND...

NO. NO! AAAAIIIEEEE

THIS WAY! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, ELOHIM!

...IN ONE PIECE. YOUR **ENDURANCE** AMAZES ME, MRS. WINTERGREEN. BY NOW, YOUR MIND SHOULD BE IN **SHREDS**.

I'M **DELIGHTED**, OF COURSE THERE'S NOTHING AMUSING ABOUT A **VEGETABLE'S** RESPONSE TO SLOW DEATH... HE JUST LIES THERE

AS IT IS, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO **APPRECIATE** THIS NEXT PART ABSYNTHIC.

AFTER ALL, THERE IS A CERTAIN **ART TO DISMEMBERMENT**.

EVAN... IN THE NAME OF **GOD**, EVAN.

NO, MRS. WINTERGREEN. IN THE NAME OF THE **GOAT**.

NOTHING **FUNNY**, KONSTANTINI! MAALECH IS **MAD**. REMEMBER! WE HAVE TO GET **CIRA OUT**.

...TO SAY **NOTHING** OF YOUR INTERNAL ORGANS.

EVAN P. PLEASE **HELP ME**... HELP ME GET OUT OF HERE

MUCH MAY BE DONE IN HIS NAME,
INCLUDING THE KILLING OF MAGICIANS.

SO, THEY'VE FOUND US YOU'VE
FALLEN ON HARD TIMES, HEAR
ELOHIM CRINGING BOOTLICK
TO A PRIEST OF GOD

PRIEST OF GOD, KILLER OF
CHILDREN YOU ALL CAN DIE

TRANSFORM LET US BE
DONE WITH IT I'VE OTHER
BUSINESS THIS NIGHT

I'M AFRAID NOT,
YOU'RE EXPECTED
ELSEWHERE

ASSYNTHE

YEN NOW MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS
MAKE READY TO EMBRACE YOU
AS I HAVE APPOINT THEM

SO I'M TO BURN,
AM I?

THEN COME
FOR ME

AFTER YOUR
BID GREETINGS

TO YOUR
BROTHER!

HAHAHAHAHAHA

BA LAAM!

KONSTANTIN' WHAT IN THE NAME OF
THIS IS IT, MR BANE DO
EXACTLY AS I'VE TOLD YOU

I'M NOT KILLING ANYONE

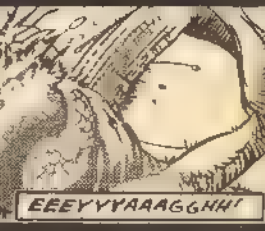
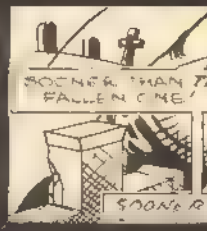
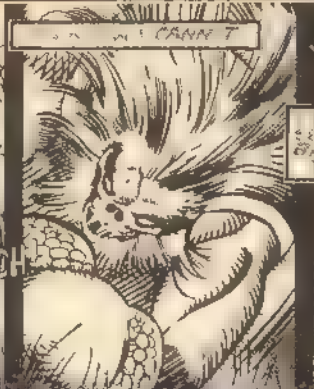
EXACTLY AS I'VE TOLD
YOU! OR I'LL SAVE ONE
OF THESE FOR YOU

NOW GET READY

YOU FORGET THE CREATURES OF FLESH, WHITE AND BLACK ARE THE COMMON ENEMY.



EXISTENCE. END ME. END ME. END ME. IF YOU CAN END THE ETERNAL AGONIES, THE TEARS OF BLOOD...

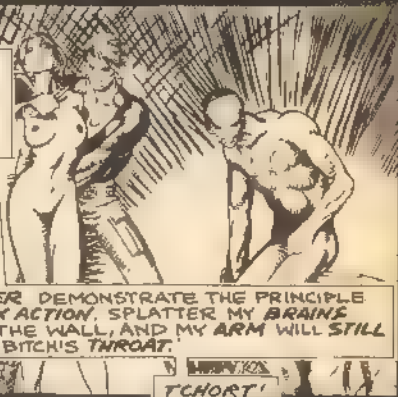
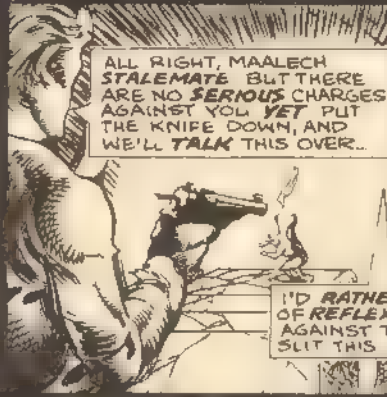


AND JOIN YOU WHEN HE DEMONSTRATES HE'S DONE.

SOONER THAN THAT, FALLEN ONE.

SOONER THAN THAT, FALLEN ONE.

EEEEYYAAAGGHH!



ALL RIGHT, MAALECH STALEMATE BUT THERE ARE NO SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST YOU YET. PUT THE KNIFE DOWN, AND WE'LL TALK THIS OVER.

I'D RATHER DEMONSTRATE THE PRINCIPLE OF REFLEX ACTION. SPLATTER MY BRAINE AGAINST THE WALL, AND MY ARM WILL STILL SLIT THIS BITCH'S THROAT.

T'CHORT!



EVAN! NO!!

DON'T, BANE! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING!

I'M SORRY, EVAN

BLAM!

EVAN! IT'S BANE! FOR GOD'S SAKE MAN, STOP! DON'T MAKE ME USE THIS... STOP!!

HAHAHAHAHAHA



NO. NNEGKKK G. GOD GOD!!



WHEN WILL YOU LEARN, YOU FOOL?



IT'S TOO LATE TO INVOKE THAT NAME!



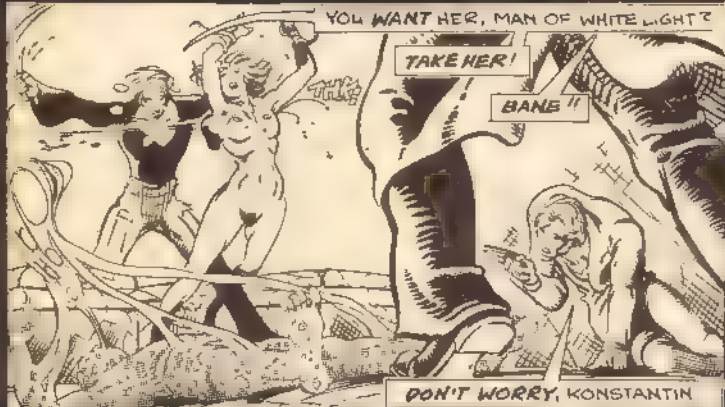
AAAAARRROOO!!

IS IT MAGICIAN?

IS IT REALLY?

KONSTANTIN!

WHEN WILL YOU BELIEVE ME, MR BANE?



YOU WANT HER, MAN OF WHITE LIGHT?

TAKE HER!

BANE!!

DON'T WORRY, KONSTANTIN



I BELIEVE YOU!

CANNKKK...MNYV DIS EL CHAIN VAGES CHNKH

BAM!

AGAIN BANE AGAIN!!



BAM!

ALL RIGHT. HE'S DONE. HELP ME WITH THE GIRL



CHRIST, KONSTANTIN... SHE'S FLOWING LIKE A RIVER...

WRAP THIS GAUZE TIGHTLY AROUND HER THROAT.



WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

WE'VE ONLY A FEW MINUTES. I HAVE TO SUMMON A DEMON TO TAKE HER TO COUNTY GENERAL...

IT ISN'T WORKING, KONSTANTIN! SHE'S LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS!

THE FALLEN ONE WILL BE ABLE TO TRANSPORT HER ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY.



HARBORYM ARYAS THUL. DAGON DIABOLUS HECAE BY THESE NAME, DO I NOW INMCKE AND COMSURE FROM THE P.T

KONSTANTIN! I CAN'T FIND HER PULSE

THE OPPOSER WHO HAS BEEN AND SCALED.

IT'S OVER KONSTANTIN

DEAD SHE JUST GAVE IT UP

HOW MUCH IS SURVIVING WORTH, MR BANE?

NOT THIS MUCH

SHE'D DONE NOTHING
IT MAKES NO SENSE

DON'T LOOK FOR
SENSE NOT HERE.

NOT AT THE MOUTH OF HELL..

WHAT DO WE DO NOW,
KONSTANTIN? HOW
DO WE EXPLAIN.

WE DON'T. WE TAKE
THE GIRL AND LEAVE.
I WILL ARRANGE
HER BURIAL..

I KNOW YOU'VE
GOT AN
OVERWHELMING
JRG TO TELL
SOMEONE IN
AUTHORITY

FORGET IT,
UNDERSTAND?
THEY CAN'T
DO ANYTHING

YOU WERE
RIGHT,
KONSTANTIN
YOU'VE BEEN
RIGHT ALL
ALONG
AND I "

IT DOESN'T
COME EASILY,
I KNOW
PRAY FOR
STRENGTH "

WAIT YOUR BAG

I'LL COME BACK
FOR IT

LET'S JUST
GET OUT

WELL, I'M
PRAYING, AS
KONSTANTIN
SUGGESTED..

I'M PRAYING
THAT, WHEN
I'VE LEFT
THIS PLACE,
SLEEP WILL
COME,
INSTEAD OF
MADNESS

AND I'M
GIVING THANKS
THAT IT'S OVER..

..AND THAT I LIVED
THROUGH IT..

CHILDREN OF THE GOD
WAS WRITTEN AND
DRAWN BY
RICHARD LARSON
AND INKED BY
TIM BOXELL



TIME AND SPACE REBUKE
US AND WE SHOULDN'T
MIND... THERE ARE NO
KITCHEN MATCHES ON
THE PLANET NEPTUNE...

EEK!

HEY,
WOJAH!

AW F'GOSH
SAKES!
HE'S AT IT
AGAIN!

PASSING
THROUGH

Steve Miller

WONK!

TOO FAR
GONE--
HE'LL NEVER
HEAR ME!

THIS GETS
PRETTY
DISGUSTING!

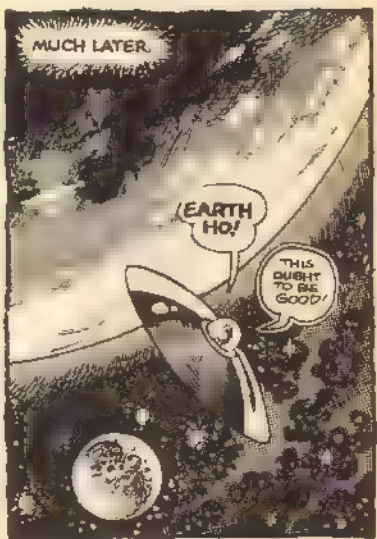
WHOWP!

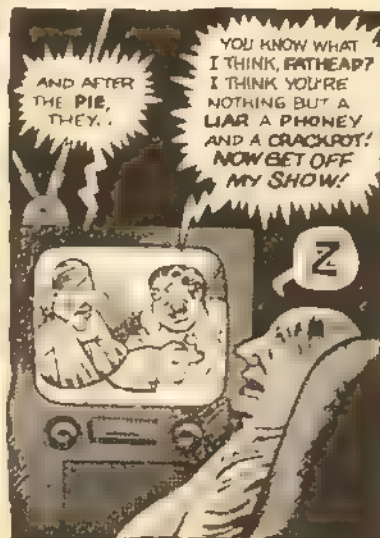
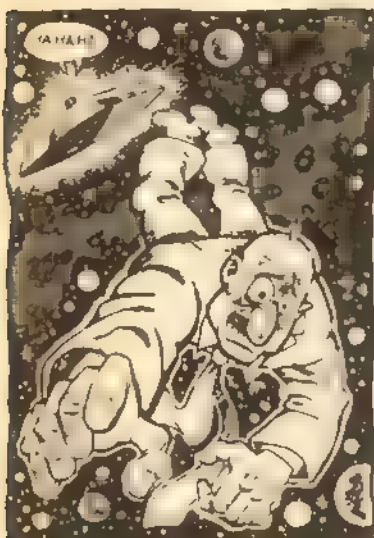
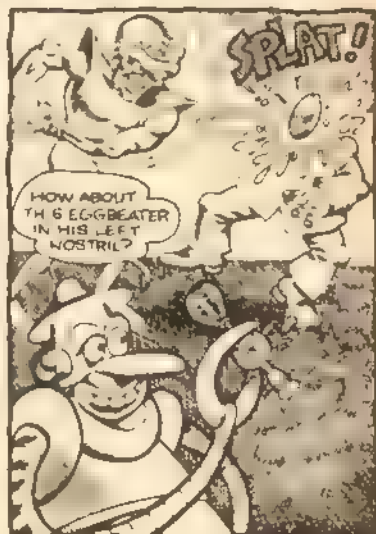
YUCK!

WAW!

GUSH!

I KNOW
THAT!





MA PHIPPS

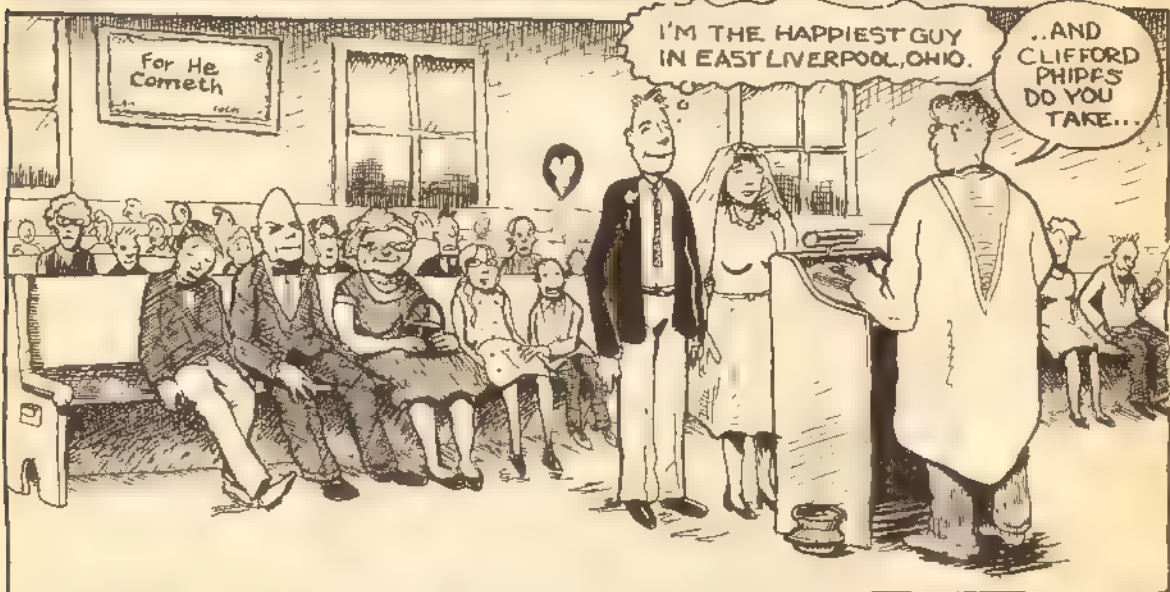
A TALE FROM THE DYNAMIC MIDWEST

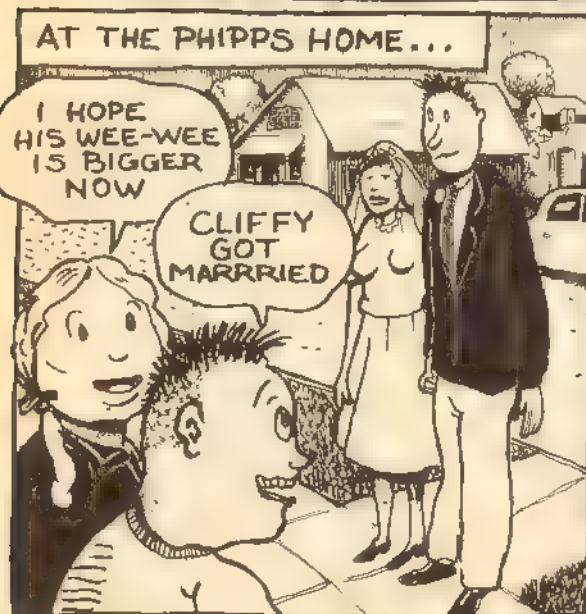
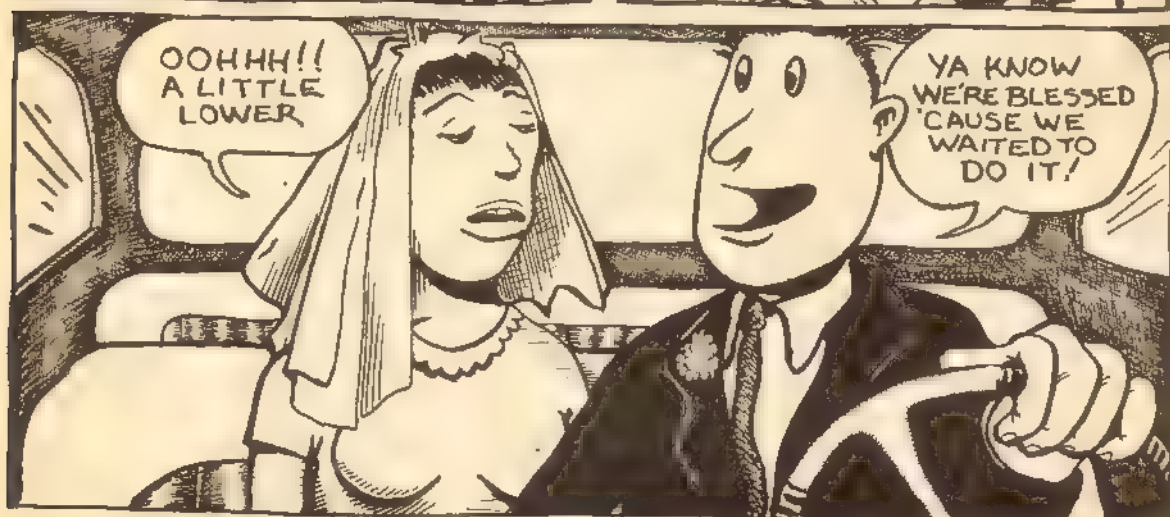
CLIFFY'S WEDDING DAY

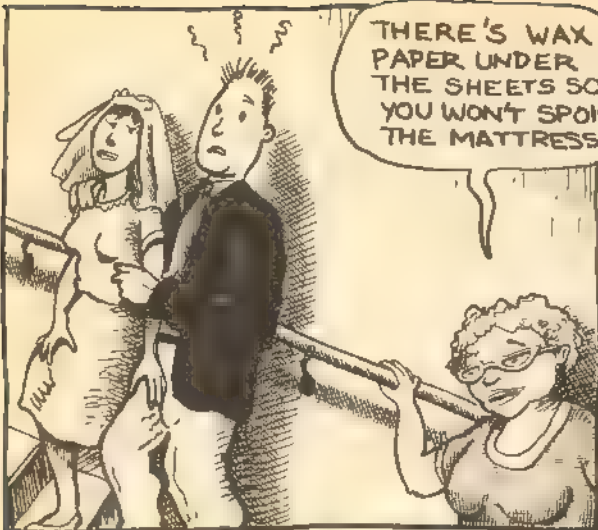
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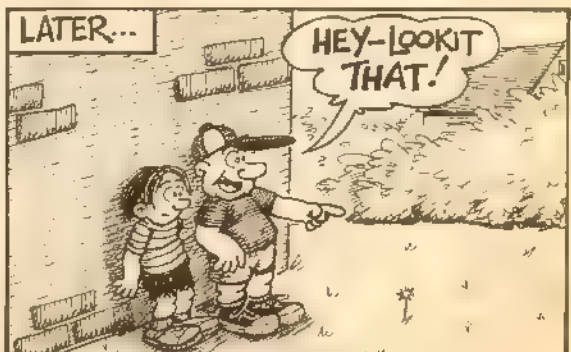
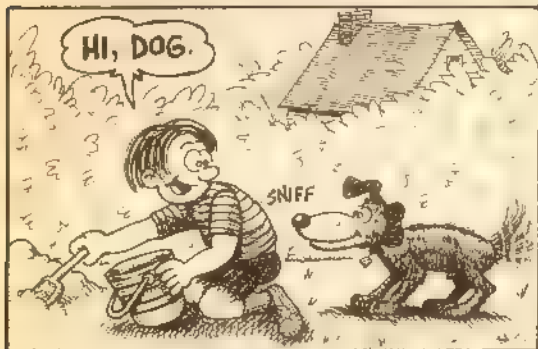


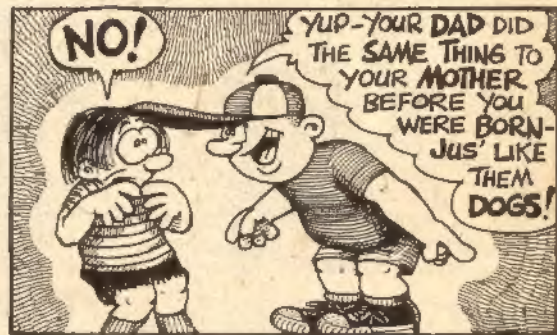




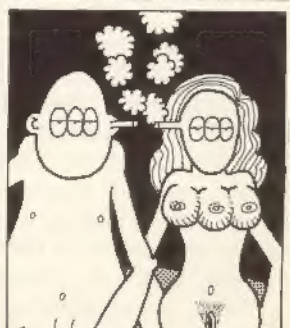
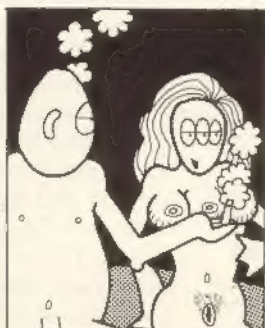
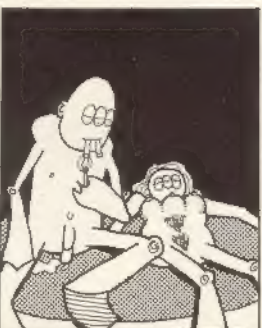
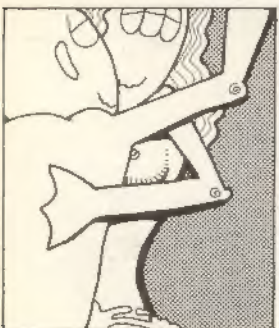
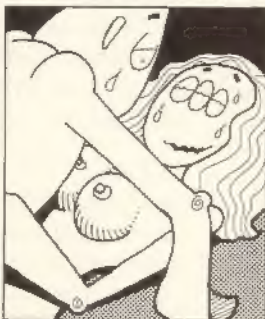
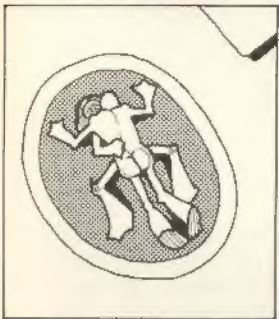
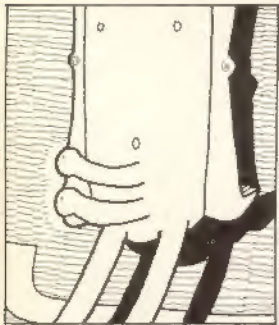
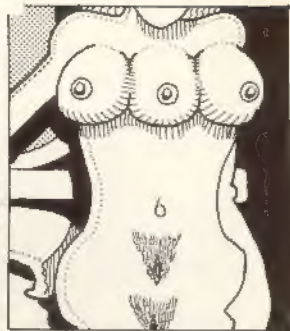
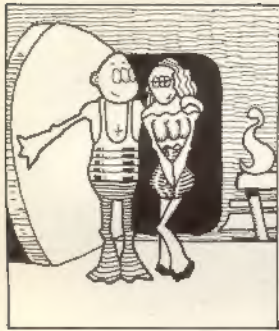
PUPPY LOVE

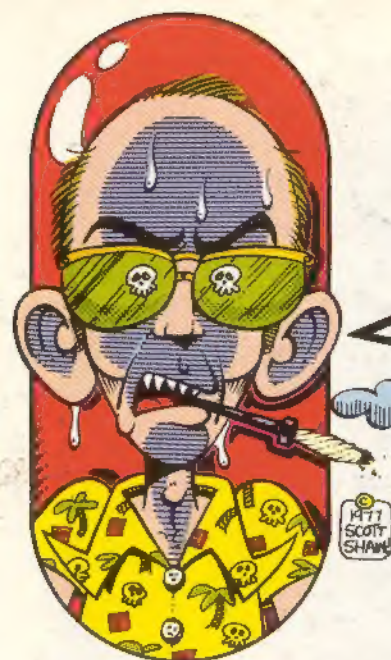
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- Tim Boxell 14-26(l)
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